

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 63 to 65 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 65 Park Row.
J. AUGUS PHAW, Treasurer, 65 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 65 Park Row.

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VOLUME 59.....NO. 20,775

TO ITS SOLDIER-MAYOR.

THEY also bravely serve who, hurrying forward to battle, meet death behind the lines.

John Purroy Mitchell—not yet thirty-nine years of age when he ceased to be Mayor of New York—putting aside the certainty of further civil success and honor, chose to fight, and speedily found himself in the most daring and dangerous branch of the Nation's military service.

In that service, with the same energy he brought to the task of city administration, he eagerly mastered the difficulties and met the risks that put him on the shortest road to France. He longed to be there. He would have made a great air fighter—quick to see and act, dauntless, without fear.

In the toll of life which it exacts, the aviation training field took him before his hope could be realized, before his skill and the fighting spirit behind could find their place in the battle line.

None the less is this great city proud of him, proud of his death as the death of a soldier pushing to the front, proud of his career and of his choice as examples to young Americans in civil life.

To the qualities he displayed as chief municipal executive—to the tireless energy, the initiative, the fearlessness that marked his notable administration—tribute will not be lacking.

The circumstances of his death, however, are such that the city, in rendering him the last sorrowful honors, will think of him first of all with a tender pride and affection as its young soldier-Mayor, who valiantly set forth against the enemy and in the fulness of his strength and hope fell before he reached the front.

That there may be permanent expression of such feeling worthy of the community which owed him much, The Evening World joins The World in urging that the people of New York provide a fitting memorial to Mayor Mitchell.

Whether the memorial takes the form of a statue or other form agreed upon after due consideration by a representative committee, it should be paid for by popular subscription. The Evening World is ready to receive contributions, however small, to be applied to this end.

In the widest sense, this memorial should stand for the honor in which all New Yorkers hold the memory of John Purroy Mitchell.

Are the packers profiteers?

The five big meat packing concerns denounced by the Federal Trade Commission in its recent report on war profits have appointed themselves a committee of five to answer the above question.

Each of the five has earnestly besought the other four to say whether or not they have been profiteering. The answer is unanimous and convincing—to the five.

THE RALLYING POINT?

CZECHO-SLOVAK activities in Siberia appear to be demolishing the argument that the presence of Allied military forces in Siberia or Russia cannot help the Allied cause.

The Czech-Slovaks, who are fast getting control of the entire trans-Siberian Railway, are assuredly fighting on the side of the Allies. And no inconsiderable part of the population of Siberia are said already to hail the Czech-Slovaks as rescuers of the country from Bolshevik and Teutonic rule.

It begins to look as if the Allies might find a rallying point for Russian nationalism, as against Bolshevism and Germanism, already provided by the Czech-Slovaks, and as if Allied fears that no military nucleus could be safely introduced into Russia or Siberia would be dispelled by plain facts.

One thing is certain. The sight of German autocracy steadily eating its way further and further into Russia, while Allied nations hesitate and wonder whether their principles will permit them forcibly to interfere, is intolerable from any side save that of Berlin and Vienna.

Russia has needed a rallying point that would attract its better elements and put a strong force in action against Germanizing influences. Here are the Czech-Slovaks supplying the need in Siberia with what looks to be success.

Would an Allied military expedition into Siberia and Russia be a bigger risk than a policy which leaves the march of German domination unopposed by anything stronger than moral pressure exerted on the Russians, thereby making it possible for Germany to dig deeper into Russian resources and so prolong the war?

The assassination of the German Ambassador at Moscow means, as Kerenky views the situation, that the Germans will now surely march on the Bolshevik capital.

Maybe the presence of a German army in Moscow will also help to galvanize what is left of Russian patriotism into a determination that Russia shall not be ruled from Berlin.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

"That 'Watch on the Rhine' will soon look like one of the dollar variety with the mainpring go-bust—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Perhaps the meanest man in the one who goes into bankruptcy three weeks after his son-in-law married for money—Toledo Blade.

It's easier to forgive your enemy when you've got him down—Binghamton Press.

Things can't be blue or white when the summer sun is shining, and the moon is on the cotton, and the moon's on the vine—Columbus (N. C.) State.

Many a man who undertakes to carry out his ideas discovers when it is too late that he is a victim of misplaced confidence in himself—Chicago News.

They were discussing literary topics. "Who is your favorite author?" asked the man. "Hunyan," replied the chirologist—Philadelphia Record.

It's hard to believe a woman was such a heartbreaker as a girl, who you look over the Father of her children—Binghamton Press.

Marriage isn't a lottery. When a man draws a blank in a lottery that's the end of it—Chicago News.

Plenty!

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By J. H. Cassel



Six Sweethearts of Yours

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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No. 5.—The Lovely Limpet

At least once in every man's life he succumbs to the lure of the lovely limpet.

Very often the surrender catches him on the rebound from his romance with the charming widow, whom he utterly and mistakenly dismisses as dangerous and heartless—a week or perhaps a month after she has dismissed him. (I forgot to mention that one of her most admirable characteristics is the deft precision with which she writes "finis" to a love affair. No post-mortems, no shedding tears over a withered rose leaf, for her!)

The limpet, however, is the natural sweetheart for applying salve to the wounds inflicted by the widow. It might be said that the specialty of the limpet is salve—the soft, sticky, adhesive salve of unlimited flattery. The limpet's mission in life is to minister to the egoism of man—any man—in order to induce him to minister to all her needs, luxuries, superfluities. As the shell fish for which I have named her firmly adheres to a protective rock, so the human limpet fixes her velvety, tenacious grasp upon that male to whom she is brought nearest by the breakers of circumstance.

I once heard her point of view admirably expressed by a frank young woman of ten. "I want to be married when I grow up," said this little girl. "So that I shall have somebody to give me lots of dresses and take me to all the dances."

Camouflaged by simple and touching conversation about domesticities, even a scarlet hour—merely the in-

timable privilege of making money for her. The limpet sweetheart is the woman of whom a man's friends say, between wonder and pity, "What did he ever see in her?"

Nevertheless, you, Mr. Average Young Man, are her predestined victim, simply because you are sure to meet her—once of her—at the psychological moment when the chime of wedding bells is ringing in your ears, and the glamorous light of the honeymoon is silencing your dreams. Your one chance of rescue lies outside yourself, in the coming of the True Romance, the right girl, the Girl Who Marries You.

The typical limpet sweetheart is a young person with soft curves, which, after stilted years of matrimony, are likely to turn into blurry bulges. She is not radiantly beautiful. She makes no intellectual demands upon the attention. Her attraction seems to lie in a certain tepid sweetness of manner—so long as her personal comfort is not menaced—and a hoodlum fund. Every day is "rough day" with her, for her supply of appreciative adjectives and adoring glances is ever at the service of gratified man.

Do you think me unduly hard upon her? I cannot help feeling that the limpet does more damage than the vampire. The latter, at least, carries a danger signal as obvious as a sandwhich board. And, grasping though she be, she has some elementary notion of the meaning of *quid pro quo*. Whereas, in the names of Wifely Virtue and Womanly Dependence, the limpet will strangle with her smooth, clinging fingers all a man has of honor, self-respect, aspiration, romance, and give him in return not even a scarlet hour—merely the in-

The Jarr Family

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By Mary Ethel McAuley

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HELEN

SAINT HELEN was a woman of humble origin and the daughter of an inn-keeper. Her nationality is not known, but she became a Christian in the third century. Her son was Constantine the Great.

Helen of Troy was one of the most beautiful women that ever lived. She was the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, but was carried away by her lover, Paris, son of the king of Troy. This brought on the Trojan War.

Another Helen of mythology was the sister of Phryxus. She and her brother were obliged to leave their native country on account of the cruelty of their stepmother. They fled, mounted on a winged ram with a golden fleece. When they were passing over the strait now called Dardanelles, Helen became giddy and fell into the water and was drowned. This part of the strait was then called the Hellespont, or Straits of Helen.

Helen Hunt Jackson, an American author, wrote "Romona." She was born in Massachusetts, and became a contributor for magazines under the name of "H. H." She was appointed a special United States Commissioner to examine the condition of the California Indians, and engaged in that occupation until her death.

Helen Modjeska is the famous Polish actress. She was born at Cracow, and at an early age went on the stage, joining a company of strolling players. She married a man named Modjeska, but he soon died and she married a man named Chlapowski, a Polish patriot. It was after this marriage that she became a great favor-

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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"There Be Seven Hundred Ways in Which Any Husband May Spoil Any Anniversary—Though on All Other Days He May Be Milder Than an Angel, Yet Upon That Day Will He Elect to Start Something!"

MY daughter, art thou a woman who delighteth in ANNIVERSARIES and rejoiceth to celebrate them?

Then, I charge thee, put this temptation away from thee and FORGET IT!

For it is written in the Book of Fate that no woman shall ever extract any joy from an "anniversary" so long as a man liveth to SPOIL IT.

Lo, unto a woman an anniversary is a day of sentiment and rosemary—an immortelle in the Garden of Memory. But unto a man it is as a fence unto a colt—merely something to be "gotten over!"

Behold, there be seven hundred ways in which ANY husband may spoil any anniversary. And these are some of them:

He may forget it altogether.

He may stop at the corner cafe to "celebrate" it and not reach either thee or his home until the following day.

He may stop at the florist's and order garlands prepared for thee and roses delivered unto thee—and forget to tell the clerk NOT to inclose the bill therewith.

He may purchase tickets for the opera and dutifully don his dress-clothes in thine honor—and then doze peacefully beside thee throughout the whole evening.

He may prepare a feast for thee at a gilded restaurant—and then start a quarrel with the waiter which shall last from the soup to the coffee.

He may take thee forth unto the woods and the green fields for the sweet and simple life—and then partake of the basket luncheon until he is overcome with indigestion and grouches.

He may lead thee down by the sounding sea—and then spend the entire day "sizing up" the OTHER women on the beach.

Verily, verily, though on all other days he may be milder than an angel and sweeter than honey, yet upon THAT particular day will he elect to start something!

Yet chide him not, neither doubt his love therefore. For, alas! he is as a woman learning to drive a motor car. Though he strive with all his might and main to keep to the smooth ways, if there be ONE rock in the road or one post in the path he will smash into it!

Therefore, I charge thee, if thou MUST celebrate, go up alone into the attic and read over thine old love letters; bid the florist to send thee flowers and order thyself bonbons from the confectioners.

But let not thy lips mention the fatal word "anniversary" unto thy BELOVED. And, peradventure, he MAY be pleasant and tender all the day long—even as usual!

For unto a woman an anniversary is a sacred altar in the Hall of Memory before which she offereth up incense and song.

But unto a man it is as a funeral, a wedding or a political banquet—all of which he hateth with all his heart and with all his mind and with all his PERVERSITY! Selah.

By Roy L. McCardell

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poems he couldn't sell was afternoon

tea, and his children had lived so long on tea biscuits, macaroons and lady fingers, and they were wild with delight when he brought them real food, like pork chops and vegetable soup from our house."

"Well," said Mrs. Mudridge Smith, "a poet called at our house once and asked Mr. Smith for his autograph and filled out a money order on Mr. Smith's cashier on it, but we never had poets to dinner."

"Don't you ever?" remarked Mrs. Stryver. "If you watch them so they don't get a chance to conceal food on their person they'll go away and write poetry about you."

"I never heard the like!" exclaimed Mrs. Mudridge Smith.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Stryver, excitedly. "Didn't you remember in the papers before the war, about an English poet going to a luncheon in England—the poet Lariat, if I remember his name—there is a poet by that name in England, anyway. Well, this Mr. Lariat, if it was him, got awful mad because he wasn't given more of the poet's tongue on his sandwich."

"I think he asked for some more and his hostess, who was a minister's wife in the English Parliament (but the paper didn't say what denomination), wouldn't give him any more. And he went right away and wrote a piece of poetry for the newspapers about her poet's tongue."

"Who told you that?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, I think it was your husband," said Mrs. Stryver.

At this moment Mr. Jarr came in and his presence put an end to Mrs. Stryver's discourse on the peculiarities of poets, but on being questioned, he said it wasn't poet's tongue, but serpent tongue, and the ladies all agreed that handsome young army or navy officers were much more interesting than poets, as dinner guests.

FIRST AMERICAN KNIGHT.

THE first native American to be knighted by an English monarch was Sir William Pepperell, who was born in Weymouth, in 1696. His father was a Welshman who came to New England as an apprentice to a fisherman. The son became a merchant and amassed a large fortune. For thirty-two years he was a member of the Royal Council of Massachusetts, and as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas he won eminence as a jurist. He was knighted for his success as a leader of the expedition against "ulaburg," the French stronghold on Cape Breton, and afterward attained the rank of Lieutenant General in the British Army.

"He'd knock something on the floor with his elbow and jump and say how sorry he was and how awkward he was, and while all eyes were on the butter or cream or sugar spilled on the rug he'd fill the rubber pocket of his raincoat with soup with a little pump and tube he carried."

"Of course," he cried when Stryver caught him, and said he had a family and they was all soup fiends, and he seldom got a chance to bring them home meat or soup except when he came to our house, because the only places he got invited to to read the

"Clad all in white, upon a violet bank I saw thee half reclining; while the moon Fell on the upturned faces of the roses, And on thine own upturned—alas! in sorrow."